Tholamir: Born of the First Bolt
By Jonathan Olvera

In the earliest records, etched deep in the burning annals of eternity, there is a tale whispered between dimensions—a story of a demi-human. His name was **Tholamir**.

Before history, before time was carved into seconds and stars were given names, there was only the *Infinite Passage*—a realm of ceaseless energy, burning sodium tides, and roaring gasses spinning without form or fate.

Tholamir was not born in the way mortals are born. He was *shaped*, forged by will and resistance, by a power higher than even the cosmic furnace that tried to swallow him.

It began with **collision**.
Energy and heat.
Mass and time.
Everything crashed, twisted, and warped in a theater of sparks and unbearable intensity—heats no creature of modern time could ever comprehend.

Trillions upon trillions of seething sodium bodies morphed endlessly.
—**Spark!**
—**Change!**
A notch cracked open in the fabric of reality itself.

It should not have happened. Yet it did.

Within the chaos, there was an anomaly—*exhaustion*. Reality flipped, like a divine table overturned by something ancient and purposeful. From this anomaly, a massive **bolt of energy** struck the endless Pool of Becoming. It zigzagged violently—above and below—carving patterns where there had only been repetition.

This world—this *Pool*—could not fall. It *floated*, suspended by the laws it had not yet defined. Within it surged choice, will, and resistance—qualities foreign to an infinite realm of burning sameness.

Suddenly, the pool cooled.
Where once there was only fire, now came opposition: *cold*.
Then—
—**Zap!**
A crack of lightning lit the Pool's crystalline surface. Something formed on a radiant board of sodium—**a titan**.

He was the result not of evolution, but of collision, defiance, and divine design. A vessel of potential given shape in the boiling ether.

And his name... was Tholamir.

Across the firmament, three ancient witnesses stirred: **Caol**, **Lein**, and **Doner**—entities older than shape or shadow. They watched from afar as the sodium blaze flickered and transformed.

Orbs ignited like thoughts in the mind of a god. One was set ablaze and turned to ash. Another glowed fiercely, burning like fire itself. Yet another became the ember of a world, holding heat but refusing to consume.

From this fire, *passage* opened—an eternal scar in time, streaked with flame and possibility. And through it spun a single orb that did not extinguish. It spun, and with its spinning, it declared: *existence*.

From that declaration, a **shadow** was born—a force of opposition that followed the orb like a silent vow, ever pursuing it, never catching it. Heat and dark. Light and cold. Action and reaction.

In this theater of spin and spark, the sodium board twisted. Its matter pulled and tore, reshaped by gravitational rhythms and radiant command. Little pieces—cool fragments, burning filaments—came together.

And then:
Form.

Two long extensions for arms.
Two for legs.
A nucleus for a head.
The shape of Tholamir—mythic and ancient—began to dance. Not randomly, but in *ellipse*—spinning with the hot orb, yet always tilting toward the one orb that was most cool.

There, on a world unborn and untouched by time, Tholamir became **whole**.

He stood not as a god, nor as a man, but as the first **choice**.
A being of opposition and balance.
A sentinel carved from lightning, born in the crack between heat and void.

And as he took his first step on this spinning marble—one world among many—he did so not to rule, but to **guard**.

For he was the child of the bolt, the echo of resistance, and the answer to a question that only eternity could ask.

He was **Tholamir**, the demi-human.
The **First Spark** of sentient will.